



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

The New Year's Gifts.

BY MISS LESLIE OF PHILADELPHIA.

'A glimpse of the days that are over.'

It was New Year's morning, 1713, and to do honor to the holiday, the breakfast table had been set in the best parlor belonging to the establishment of Mr. Clarke, a wealthy merchant of Boston, and whose residence in the North square was at that period considered one of the most elegant private mansions in the town. The weather was severely cold. An immense fire of huge logs (supported on extremely tall brass andirons, and brought far out on the hearth) tinted with its ruddy glow the beautiful carving of fruit and flowers that decorated the chimney-piece, and brightened the vivid pictures which were painted on every pannel of the wainscot. As the season was winter, the chief beauties of the tessellated floor (particularly the family coat of arms in the centre) were concealed under a square of Turkey carpet; but round the outside of its edges a small uncovered space gave evidence of the infinite variety of the woods, and the taste and ingenuity of their general arrangement. The window seats and chairs were cushioned with velvet, corresponding with the curtains. Large oval looking-glasses, the frames carved in foliage, inclined forward from the walls. Through the glass doors of the closets or buffets that occupied the recesses, were seen pyramids of India china, arrayed in regular order, and at the other side was a rich display of silver plate, on every article of which was engraved the crowned swan, the ancient crest of the Clarke's; for in those days few of the Americans who derived from their European ancestor any claim to armorial bearings were remiss in setting forth the distinction.

When Mr. Clarke came down to breakfast, he had a handsome new cane in his hand, and was followed by a servant carrying a large covered basket, the sight of which excited much curiosity in the mind of his son Harry, and also in George and Lucy Ellis—two children who were on a visit to the house, their own parents having gone to Salem.

They were not long in suspense, for Mr. Clarke informed them that the basket contained New Year's gifts; and he proceeded immediately to distribute them. To Mrs. Clarke he presented a superb muff of black velvet, embroidered with gold and decorated on one side with her initials in pearls; to little Lucy he gave a large French doll, richly dressed; to her brother George, the above

mentioned cane, which was finely clouded, and had a gold top and gold cord tassels.—George having frequently expressed a wish for such a one.

'Now,' said George, who was very vain and foppish, 'I can say that no boy in Boston carries a cane equal to mine. If my mother would only consent to my wearing a wig, I know no one could come up to me in what she calls the true look of real fashion.'

'Indeed,' said Mr. Clarke, 'I must agree with my friend, your mother, in thinking that nothing is so becoming to a boy as his own hair. However fashionable wigs may be, I have not yet seen a single child that looked well in one.'

'So I think,' exclaimed Harry; 'and for my part, I would not for a hundred guineas be encumbered with a wig. I hate every thing that is inconvenient; and that was the reason I took my penknife yesterday, and cut away all the buckram lining from the skirt of my new coat. Why, it stood out like a shelf all around me!'

'And for my part,' said George Ellis, 'I would not abate one inch of my buckram for the world.'

'Well, dear father,' said Harry, 'you seem in no haste to show me my New Year's present.'

Mr. Clarke presented his son with an elegant set of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Harry received the books with proper respect; but his countenance did not brighten, and, in fact, he looked a little disappointed.

'You do not seem particularly delighted with my present,' observed Mr. Clarke; 'I must confess I feared as much.'

'Dear father,' replied Harry, 'I have already many books; to tell the truth, I hoped you would have given me a pair of skates.'

'Harry,' said his mother, 'I have always refused my consent to your having skates. Think of Edward Warren, who while skating on Charles River, broke through the ice and was drowned.'

'It has given me much pain, Harry,' said Mr. Clarke, 'to perceive with numerous good qualities and with an understanding by no means of an inferior order, you seem to have an innate disrelish for books, and for every thing that can only be acquired by study. I have determined to indulge you for a time in reading works of fiction exclusively, in the hope that they may awaken in you a desire for literature of a more important description. I would rather see you passionately fond of the most extravagant story books, than witness, as I do continually, your strange

disinclination for all books whatever. I think if any thing like reading can possibly engage your attention, it will certainly be riveted by these very amusing tales, with their faithful delineations of Oriental manners. They are really of Eastern origin; and these identical narratives are to this day related by the itinerant story tellers of Arabia to the groups that assemble round at the coffee houses, and other places of public resort; the audience always listening with intense interest, and rewarding the narrator with a contribution in money whenever he ceases. Monsieur Galland translated these tales from the Arabic into French, and the English version was made from his.'

'Yes, father,' replied Harry, looking tired, 'I have no doubt of their all being very good stories; and I dare say they are entertaining enough to people that are fond of reading; but for my part—'

'Harry,' said his father, interrupting him, and pointing out the tale of the 'Forty Thieves,' 'I will only ask you to try this one as a specimen; and I am sure when you have finished it you will gladly read them all.'

Harry took the volume; and while his father was engaged with some letters he had just received, and his mother was preparing to pour out the coffee; while Lucy sat on a low stool and played with her doll, and George took his hat and strutted about the room with his new cane, and surveying himself in the glass, the reluctant reader established himself on the window seat; where he reclined with one eye on the page and the other on the street,—after having settled his position with considerable difficulty, as is always the case with persons to whom books are irksome.

Before he had time to get interested in the story his attention was attracted by a sudden noise; and looking out, he perceived that some boys who were playing in the square before the house, had just completed a gigantic figure of snow, and were huzzing in consequence.

'The snow-man has no hat,' exclaimed Harry; 'I'll just run out and show them how to make him one.' He flew from the parlor with the book in his hand and throwing it hastily on the hall table he was out of doors in an instant, and busily engaged the next moment in assisting the boys.

His father looked after him, and sighed. 'My dear,' said he to Mrs. Clarke, 'we have always been too indulgent to Harry. He knows that a mere reproof is the only punishment he need expect, whatever may be his misdeemeanors.'

'His misdemeanors,' said the doating mother, 'are only such as will in time correct themselves. Though I confess that he is impetuous and giddy, and that as yet he shows no fondness for any thing that resembles study, yet I hope much from the excellence of his capacity, the goodness of his heart; and the generosity and kindness of his feelings.'

'What surprises me most in Harry,' said George Ellis, 'and it is certainly his worst fault, that he has no notion of his own dignity—no idea of keeping up his consequence: and when I talk to him on the subject, he only laughs, and says, that it is too much trouble for him to be always acting the gentleman. And once he actually told me that he hated dignity, and hated consequence, and that he had none to support. I reminded him of course of his father's ships and his mother's jewels, and of the fine house that he lives in, and of the elegant clothes that he could have for asking (though I do not believe that he ever does ask any.) It's surprising how little he values these things. Why, one day, when he was playing in the common, he took the plume out of his new cocked-hat and divided it among the boys to feather their arrows.'

'Come George,' said Mr. Clarke, interrupting this tirade, 'breakfast is now quite ready.'

'And really,' pursued George, (as he seated himself carefully at the table, and spread out his skirts so that they could not be rumpled,) 'It is absolutely amazing that Harry Clarke will play with any boy, whatever, and that (instead of walking slowly up and down the Mall, as a young gentleman of family and fortune ought to do, or seating himself on his spread pocket handkerchief, and resting himself gracefully against the great elm) the moment he gets on the common, he scampers off towards the Mill-dam, where all the town boys resort; and he joins that very instant in their boisterous plays. Wool hats and fustian jackets make no sort of difference with him. I do not believe he ever gives a thought to their style of dress. All he cares for, is that they should be what he calls good fellows, and that they should play well.'

'We must hope that he may grow wiser in time,' said Mr. Clarke, smiling.

'He does not scruple to overlook and indeed to overset young gentlemen of decided elegance,' continued George, glancing his eye over his own blue suit of velvet laced with gold.

He was stopped short in his animadversions by the return of Harry, who came back with such a glow of exhilaration, and gave so animated a description of the improvements he had made in the snow-man, that his fond parents had not the heart to check his vivacity.

They had nearly finished breakfast when a knock was heard at the front door; and John, the servant man, brought in a paper of verses, and announced that the news carrier had come for his New Year's gift. Mr. Clarke felt in his pocket and found that he had no change about him, and Mrs. Clarke had left her purse up stairs. 'Tell the boy to come and warm himself,' said she, 'and desire Sally to bring me down my purse.'

The man delivered the message to the newspaper boy; but they heard him reply that he would rather stay in the hall.

'Why 'tis my old friend Ben Franklin,' exclaimed Harry; 'I see he has taken up the volume of the Arabian Nights that I left on the hall table; and while he has a book in his hand he will feel no cold. But I will go and pull him in.'

Suiting the action to the word, Harry immediately hauled in the reluctant printer-boy, who at first showed a disposition to resent the unceremonious kindness of young Clarke, but his attention being attracted by the paintings that ornamented the wainscot, he allowed himself to be conveyed into the parlor, where his eyes wandered with delight round the pictures, but rested not a moment on the splendid furniture, and rich table equipages.

'Is not that what is called a printer's devil?' said George Ellis, edging his chair as far as possible from the boy.

'Oh! brother, brother,' exclaimed little Lucy, 'what naughty words you are saying! I am sure he is not at all black now, and his hands and face are very clean.'

Mr. Clarke took up the New Year's address, which was printed on a small narrow strip of paper, with a rude wood cut at the top representing a postman blowing his horn.

'These verses are really not bad,' said he; 'I should like to know who is the author.'

'There he stands,' cried Harry; 'this is he. I am very sure that Ben Franklin wrote them (clapping him on the shoulder.) Why the boys all know that Ben can make verses.'

'Harry,' said Mr. Clarke, 'hand him this basket of cake.'

Young Franklin bashfully declined the cake; but Harry seized him and forced a large piece into each pocket.

'I suppose, boy,' said George, 'you never had an opportunity of tasting plumb cake before, and I dare say you have had but a scanty breakfast.'

'The young printer colored. 'I breakfasted this morning at my father's house,' said he.

'Well, and what of that?' resumed George.

'My father,' answered the boy 'is a plain mechanic, and he lives as such people ought. Nevertheless, though our food is simple, it has never yet been scanty, and we all this morning had as much as we could eat, and so we have always.'

'Indeed!' said George with a sneer, 'and pray tell us what this same abundant breakfast might consist of? Beans and hominy I suppose.'

Upon this, Harry cast a menacing look at George, and doubled his fist; but at a glance from his mother, he opened it again, saying, 'I forgot he was a visiter.'

'To a boy of your mind and feelings,' said Mr. Clarke, addressing the young printer, 'it must be very irksome to go about soliciting New Year's gifts.'

'I do not solicit,' replied Franklin; 'I never ask twice. It is almost the only means I have of obtaining——' He stopped and remained silent.

The maid, Sally, then entered with Mrs. Clarke's purse, for which, she said she had a long search, it not having been left in the usual place. Mrs. Clarke took out a five shilling piece, called in English coinage a crown, and offered it to Franklin. The boy advanced to take it, and thanked the lady in a few words.

'Well,' said George, 'for a person that is not poor enough to consider plumb cake any object, you seem glad enough to get that

crown. I suppose you prefer buying your own cakes.'

Harry again clenched his fist at George, and was again restrained by his mother.

'Harry Clarke,' said Franklin, 'I should like to speak with you a moment in the hall—that is if the lady will give me permission.'

He bowed to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke in a manner that set George tittering, and went out accompanied with alacrity by Harry. George got up and was following to hear what they were going to say, but Harry shut the door in his face.

'Harry,' said Franklin, 'I will acknowledge to you, that (after I have bought a present for my mother) all the money I shall collect as New Year's gifts will be devoted to the purchase of books. I heard you regretting the other day, that you had spent all your weekly allowance at once, and that you would have no more until next Monday, tho' you were very desirous of buying a humming top that we saw at the toy shop. Now I will make a bargain with you. I'll give you this silver crown which your mother had just presented to me, if you will lend me—observe I only say *lend*—if you will lend me these books of the Arabian tales, and allow me to have the reading of them, and let me take this volume home with me.'

'As to the books,' replied Harry, 'if they were not a New Year's gift from my father, I would not hesitate an instant to make you a present of them. But as to the crown piece I shall not take it. I can easily wait till Monday for my humming top: or, indeed, if I was to coax my father a little, I dare say he would give me the money at once. Only I don't like to take advantage of his kindness; and the last time I asked for my allowance in advance, I promised that I would never again make such a request. The truth is, I do spend too much money, and my father is right in trying to check my profuseness. However you are quite welcome to the books, and I am sorry I have never offered to lend you any. But it is too true, that somehow books are things that seldom come into my head. Why did you not ask me?'

'Because,' said Franklin, 'though you do play with me on the common of Valley Acre, and are sociable and friendly enough, yet I remember always what I have heard my father say, that when common people happen to have any intercourse with great people, they had better avoid encroaching too much, lest they should be considered forward and obtrusive, and meet with a mortifying repulse. I have also heard him remark, the most great people (kings in particular) are like cats, and though they pur round one minute, they may scratch you the next.'

'But I am not the least of a cat,' said Harry—'To be sure I am often inclined to fly at that sickening fellow George Ellis; and if he had not been a visiter, I should have settled him long ago.'

'Well,' said Franklin, 'I shall be very glad indeed to give this crown piece for the reading of the Arabian Nights. I know no one else that has the book, and I find it mentioned in the Spectator in a manner which convinces me that it is delightful. As this is a holyday, I shall have time to read—and, besides, I can easily sit up all night. I often do so when I borrow a book that must be returned immediately. You may be sure I will take great care of it and bring this volume back to-morrow. See here is the

money, and now you can go and buy the humming top.'

'Indeed I shall do no such thing as take that money,' replied Harry. 'Why Ben you do not scruple to borrow books of Dick Jackson, and Ned Jones, and Tom Smith.'

'No,' answered Franklin, 'because they are boys of my own class, and I lend them my books in return; for, like myself, they have but few. But the sons of rich men have books enough of their own, and do not want to borrow from people in my station. I would not much hesitate to accept favors from grown gentlemen; but I do not like to be under obligations to boys that are above me.'

'Well, Ben,' said Harry, 'you are a strange fellow. Ben I know that lately you have been very full of independence and heroism, and all such things, from having read a great deal about the Greeks and Romans. You shall have both volumes now, for I am in no hurry to read them, and would rather defer it till I feel more in the humor, if that should ever be.'

Harry then ran into the parlor, and instantly flew back again with the other volume.

'You must take this crown,' said Franklin 'or I will not take the books.'

Harry paused a moment and then took the crown, resolved in his own mind to make Franklin resume it when he returned the books.

'And now,' said Franklin, 'say that you do not think me an object of charity.'

'I don't indeed,' replied Harry, smiling and shaking him by the hand; 'I see that you are thinking of George Ellis's impertinence; but never mind—sensible boys need not care a farthing for the insolence of fools.'

Franklin now took his leave, and Harry returned to the parlor. On being asked by his mother why he remained so long in the hall talking to the newspaper boy, he replied that he had been lending him the Arabian Nights, as he knew poor Ben would take more pleasure in reading them than he would himself.

'I am sorry,' said Mr. Clarke, 'that you are in so little haste to avail yourself of my New Year's gift.'

'Indeed, father,' replied Harry, 'I cannot dissemble, and pretend to like books better than I really do. It would take me two or three months to get through those volumes; and I have no doubt of Ben Franklin's devouring every line of them in less than three days, and faithfully performing his task in his brother's printing office besides.'

'Now tell me exactly who this Ben Franklin is,' said Mr. Clarke, 'and how you became acquainted with him.'

'Why,' replied Harry, 'he is the youngest son of old Joshua Franklin, the tallow-chandler and soap-boiler—George, you need not turn up your nose. It was at first intended that he should be brought up to his father's trade and he was for a while employed in cutting wicks and filling candle moulds; but very naturally disliking such jobs he is now with his brother, James Franklin, learning the printing business. I first met with him on the Common, among the boys who go there to play, and also on the cricket ground of Valley Acre. He is the very best cricket player I ever saw; nothing comes amiss to him, and he has taught us many new diversions, some of them his own invention. He is also very ingenious in making things in wood and metal, and he has even

some knowledge of drawing. But after all, his chief delight is in books; and when he gets a new one, we see nothing of him on the play ground till he has read it. He always tries to become acquainted with boys who have books, and it is much to his credit that he takes excellent care of all he borrows and he punctually returns them.'

'Persons who are fond of reading are always careful of books,' observed Mr. Clarke, 'but how is it that you have never before lent him any of yours?'

'I don't know,' replied Harry; 'I often thought of offering to do so, but then I always forgot it again. I am sorry for my remissness, for I recollect hearing several weeks ago that he had exhausted the stock of every body he knew; and I suppose that latterly he has been at a loss for something to read, as he has frequented the play ground more than usual. Sometimes when he gets to discussing books with John Collins and others of the reading boys, he forgets to play, and you would be surprised to hear how sensibly he talks. Altogether, Ben Franklin is the best fellow I know.'

'Poor Boy,' said Mr. Clarke, 'how hard he tries to acquire knowledge! And you, who besides having free access to my library, have books lavished on you almost without number, cannot be prevailed on to read a single one of them through. Mark my words: I prophesy that this Benjamin Franklin will eventually become a great man, and that his name will be an honor to his country and the world, when yours is forgotten.'

We will now proceed with Franklin, who almost fancied himself in Paradise, when he walked off with the Arabian Tales under his arm, and as it was a holyday, he felt strongly inclined to relinquish all further pursuit of New-Year's gifts, and to shut himself up for the remainder of the day with his new acquisition. But he thought of the happiness of being able to procure some other books with the money he might collect, and he had a great desire to possess a complete set of the Spectator, of which, as yet, he had only been able to obtain the reading of one or two odd volumes; inspired by this hope he pursued his rounds with increased alacrity of step.

After calling at several other houses, he came to the residence of Mr. Inflict Bangs, a schoolmaster, who once for a short time, had numbered Franklin among his pupils, and who was now preparing himself for the ministry, with a full disposition to carry into that holy profession all the gloomy austerity and unjustifiable rigor which had characterized his rule as an instructor of youth. He was a yellowish, bitter-faced man, with a harsh, croaking voice, and though thin and bony, he had prodigious strength of arm, of which the majority of his scholars had daily experience, particularly those who were deficient, not in application to their books, but in rich relations.

Mr. Bangs was seated at his desk when young Franklin was ushered into his study—a little front room on one side of the street door. 'Come in, boy,' said he, without looking up, 'and wait till I have finished this page.' Franklin went up to the window, and turning his face towards it, he opened a volume of the Arabian Nights, and began to read unwilling to lose time while waiting.

When Mr. Bangs had completed his page, he looked over the New-Year's Ode which Franklin had laid on his desk, and contract-

ing his brows to more than their usual frown, he pronounced it 'wretched stuff,' and inquired what vain fool had written it. He asked this question twice before he was heard by Franklin, who stood at the window absorbed in his book.

'Boy,' said Bangs, turning sternly round, 'what is it takes your attention? Let me see the book that has made you forget in whose presence you stand. It is well for you that you are not still my pupil, though wholesome chastisement can never come amiss. I tell you to give me the book.'

Franklin approached and reluctantly presented the volume. Mr. Bangs took it, looked through it; and groaned. 'Great,' he exclaimed, 'is the abomination of the times, particularly in this degenerate town. Every day I meet with something to assure me that a terrible punishment is hanging over Boston. Boy, I have heard of this wicked book, but hoped that it had not found its way across the ocean. It is filled with genii and magic—with strange transformations, and with palaces of gold and diamonds.'

'Then I am sure it must be very entertaining,' observed Franklin.

'Answer me not in that tone,' resumed Bangs, 'but give me the other volume,' taking it from under Franklin's arm; and before the amazed boy could rescue them from his grasp, he had thrown both the books into the fire, and they were in a moment consumed in the blaze.

'There let them burn,' said the relentless bigot, as I hope their heathen authors are now burning in another world. Entertaining, forsooth! what right have people to read for entertainment? If they fulfil their duties properly there will be no time for recreation. Are not all books of fiction made up of lies? and what good man can endure a lie in any shape whatever?'

Poor Franklin stood swelling with grief for the loss of the books, and resentment at their destroyer; and it was with great difficulty he restrained himself from attempting immediate vengeance on the person of Bangs who waved his hands pompously towards the door, and said, 'Now, Boy, depart in peace: I have given you a wholesome lesson to remember as long as you live. Thank me as you ought.'

'Thank you!' exclaimed Franklin, almost choking with vexation, 'thank you for what? I'll die before I'll thank you. To say nothing of your depriving me of the pleasure of reading these books, which I had set my heart on, you have shamefully destroyed what was not my own property, and which I know not how to replace. The books were lent to me by Harry Clarke, and only this morning they were given to him by his father.'

'What, the rich Mr. Clarke of North Square?' said Bangs in a voice of dismay; 'boy, why did not you tell me of this at first? Mr. Clarke is a man of standing and influence.'

Franklin, still trembling with suppressed emotion now opened the door to go out, when Mr. Bangs called him back and said to him in a voice he intended for a mild one, but which was only more nasal than ordinary—'My young friend, Benny Franklin, there is no need of mentioning this small error into which I have been strangely betrayed. It is better that you should keep it to yourself; I perceive not the least necessity of your repeating the circumstance.'

'But there is,' replied Franklin; 'how else shall I account to Harry Clarke for the loss of his Arabian Nights? I have been borrowing books ever since I was five years old, and never before has there any thing happened to a single one of them in my possession.'

'Benny,' said Mr. Bangs, 'there are many just and good men who have not thought it sinful to stretch a point where the end justified the means. There is authority for such divergences from the straight path. You may represent that the books fell accidentally into the fire; and my name need not appear in the statement.'

'What,' exclaimed Franklin, 'and incur for myself the blame of the very worst sort of carelessness?'

'I am not sure, after all,' pursued Bangs, 'that the misadventure was not purely accidental; it seems to me that the books fell by chance from my hand, and unluckily just where the flames happened to catch them.'

'They did not! they did not!' cried Franklin 'I saw you put them into the fire in the very place where the blaze was fiercest. You *know* you done it on purpose.'

'You are a shrewd, ingenious boy,' continued Bangs, laying his hand on the head of Franklin, who instantly drew it away in disgust, 'and you can find no difficulty in giving a convenient statement of the passage that has taken place in relation to these books; and Benny hold out your hand—here are half a dozen shillings for your new year's gift, if you will act in this thing according to my desire.'

This was too much for Franklin's patience; and scattering the shillings indignantly on the floor, he darted out of the house.

Though endowed with much natural strength of mind, and possessed of intelligence far beyond his years, poor Franklin was still but a boy; and as soon as he got into the street he leaned his forehead against a post and cried as if his heart was breaking.

But he soon rallied; and drying his tears, he made a determination to appropriate nearly all his money to buy another equally handsome set of the Arabian Nights, to replace that of Harry Clarke.

He proceeded on his tour, and omitted not a single house in which his brother's newspaper was taken. But in those days seldom more than a few pence was given by each family to the carrier: he knew the general price of books, and he found all that he was able to collect insufficient to purchase so expensive a one after he had deducted the price of an India silk pocket handkerchief for his mother. And the only pleasant feeling he had during the remainder of the day, was when he laid this little present on the lap of his kind parent, and when she kissed him in return, and called him her good Ben, and said she had been wanting such a handkerchief for years.

Still, he determined not to allow himself to be tempted to lay out another farthing of his money; but to keep it inviolate, in the firm hope (and young people are always sanguine,) that some unforeseen event would put him in possession of a sufficiency to make out the desired sum.

Franklin had hitherto been only on trial in the printing office, and had continued to live at his father's; but after this day he was to enter into a regular apprenticeship with his brother James, and was to board with him and his other boys at a house in the immedi-

ate neighborhood of the establishment. He was now kept very close at work, and his brother (who never showed him any kindness after he had him entirely in his power) generally found something for him to do beyond the regular working hours: and as the days were short, and the weather very bad, he was no longer able to play on the common. He passed a dreary week and to add to his discomfort, he had no book to read.

He was very desirous of seeing Harry Clarke, again, yet he had not the courage to knock at the door and inquire for him. But every day when he went to leave the newspaper, he lingered about for a minute or two, hoping to obtain a glimpse of him, and to have an opportunity of making an explanation.

At last, in a lucky moment, after leaving the paper under the knocker, he perceived Harry at the parlor window, and his warm-hearted friend immediately ran out to bring him in. Franklin, however, would proceed no farther than the entry (the place that boys generally prefer for their confabulations,) and George Ellis came down stairs at the same moment, having just been changing his dress after sitting for his portrait. Mrs. Clarke was only desirous of possessing a likeness of her little favorite Lucy; but she had concluded to have both the children painted together, rather than run the risk of offending their mother, who had always made a pet of George in preference to his sister, and had completely spoiled him.

'Well, my friend Ben,' said Harry, shaking him heartily by the hand, 'I have not seen you for a week, but I suppose you have been lost in the Arabian Nights. You need not hurry yourself to return the books for a month or two yet, as I shall not have a moment's time to read them. The weather has now cleared up, my mother has consented to my getting a pair of skates, and I have a great deal before me; as much skating, and snow-balling, and sliding, as I can possibly do.'

Franklin, then, in much confusion, explained the fate of the books precisely as it happened.

Loud and high was the indignation of Harry against Inflict Bangs—not exactly for burning the books, but for burning them before Franklin had read them. But George Ellis, who stood listening at the bottom of the stairs, called out, 'Why, Harry, can you believe this fine story? don't you see that after this chap had read your books, he went and sold them to buy others with the money?'

At these words Franklin instantly sprang forward and caught George by his lace collar, exclaiming, 'Beg my pardon this moment, and go down on your knees and own yourself a liar, or I'll shake you till you do.'

'Now Ben, go off,' said Harry; 'George Ellis is my property. Leave him to me, and I'll pay him for all at once. But go off, I tell you, or I can't touch him; for two to one won't do.'

'No, no,' answered Franklin, 'I am well able to fight my own battles.' And he shook George Ellis till his cries brought Mr. Clarke out of the library; and in another minute the whole household had assembled in the hall.

The boys were immediately parted by Mr. Clarke, and Harry eagerly recounted the whole story to his father. Mr. Clarke was much incensed at what had been said and done by Inflict Bangs, and declared that he could well believe it, as it was in conformity with much that he had heard of him. And

he reprimanded George severely for the insult he had offered to the integrity of Franklin.

'Well,' said George, sulkily, 'my father, and mother will be in town again in a few days, and they will take me home. I am sure I shall be glad of it, for I have no desire to be abused any farther by Harry on account of his ragamuffin printer-boy.'

'I am no ragamuffin,' said Franklin; 'for my mother always keeps my every day clothes well mended, and I have a good suit for Sunday. I know I have a patch on each knee, but nothing like a rag.'

'And now, Ben,' said Harry, going close to him and speaking in a low voice, 'I must give you back your crown-piece.'

Franklin changed color, snatched up his bundle of newspapers, and immediately ran off, saying 'I have stayed too long, I must make haste with my papers.'

That evening a servant of Mr. Clarke's came to the printing office with a billet inscribed, 'For Benjamin Franklin.' It was from Harry, and enclosed the said crown, accompanied by the following words:

'Dear Ben,—No more heroics—they don't suit people of sense, therefore they don't suit you. Listen now to plain, sober, quiet reason. You must and shall take the crown-piece. If you return it, I'll throw it immediately into the street, and never speak to you again while I live on earth.'

'I've bought the great humming top, having received my week's allowance on Monday. It hums so loudly that you may hear it half over the North End.'

'Yours, till death,
(for of course you'll keep the crown.)

H. C.'

Franklin pondered a few minutes, and at last wisely concluded to put up the crown-piece with the rest of his money. And he felt happy once more; for he found that he had now enough to buy the Arabian Nights. The day after New Years he had priced in a book store a set similar to Harry's, (except that the binding though equally handsome, was green instead of red,) and which they told him was the only copy in town.

Next morning he bought the book, and had sixpence left. I need not say with what avidity he snatched every leisure moment, and how late he sat up at night, till he had gone through the volumes so fascinating to all young people when they read them the first time. When he had finished, he tied them up in a paper cover, which he inscribed, 'For Master Henry Clarke, from Benjamin Franklin;' and carrying the parcel to the house, he gave it in charge of John, and went away immediately. On the following day Mr. Clarke sent Franklin as a present a complete set of the Spectator, handsomely bound, and also a kind note offering to lend him from his library, any books that he had a desire to read, and urging him to apply for them without scruple. And Harry added a line, saying, 'You know you shall always be welcome to any of mine.'

Franklin was as glad as if he had met with a mine of gold. He was now in a fair way of obtaining as many as he could find time to read. Other gentlemen, took notice of him, and extended to him the same kindness. And he was occasionally enabled to buy a book which it was desirable to read more than once, or consult frequently.

The intense interest in books that was always evinced by this poor boy, and his earnest

efforts to procure them, made eventually a deep impression on Harry Clarke. He began to think that there really *must* be something delightful in reading, and he made a resolution to try it seriously, and to persevere in it if possible. In a short time he conquered his repugnance so far as to find great pleasure in story books and other works of imagination; and after a while (we must confess it was a long while) he came to take equal interest in literature of a higher class. The improvement of his mind was of course rapid and obvious, and caused much happiness to his fond parents. Still he liked to play on the common.

The death of George Ellis's injudicious mother, and his father's subsequent marriage with a sensible and amiable woman, wrought so great a change for the better in the young fopling, that in process of time he gradually got rid of his impertinence, his arrogance and even his vanity, and he grew up a very respectable member of society.

The leading events in the life of Dr. Franklin are, or ought to be, known to most of our young readers. To those who are yet unacquainted with the history of that truly great man, I earnestly recommend a little book (first published in Boston, in 1825) containing his life, as written by himself up to the period of his marriage, and afterwards continued by one of his intimate friends; and comprising also an entertaining and instructive selection of his miscellaneous essays.

To return to our story: After Franklin had left Boston at the age of sixteen to seek his fortune in another city, the Clarke family lost sight of him for many years. But he went on and prospered; and they derived much satisfaction from the evidence of his celebrity that gradually extended over every part of America. In after life, Harry Clarke visited Europe; and was at Versailles when his old friend Benjamin Franklin (once the poor printer, now the distinguished philosopher, and highly trusted diplomatist) was presented to the king and queen of France, honored by the wisest and courted by the noblest of the land.

The Young Heir's Death Bed.

THERE was a heavy silence in the magnificent apartment, for the young heir of the house of Rothseaton lay panting with fever, and almost unconscious of the presence of those around him. The fatal decision had been pronounced; the inheritor of an earldom, of wealth, titles, and distinction; the beautiful and spoilt child of prosperity, was to be snatched from his parents, and hid in the cold earth. Lord Rothseaton walked impatiently up and down the room; from the large windows with their heavy crimson curtains, which threw a mock glow on the cheek of his child, to the oak door, with its ivory handles and curious carving. He paused, and gazed into the faces of the three physicians, whom a vain care had assembled round that bed—and a cold thrill passed through his heart. He thought of the joy and bell-ringing at the birth of his beautiful and sickly boy—of his ambitious hopes—of his hatred for his cousin, who was the next heir—and he flung himself into a seat with sullen despondency. The physicians continued to converse on different topics in an under tone; and while apparently consulting on the state of their patient, communicated to each other the news of the day; births, marriages, and deaths, family

grievances, and political intrigues. From time to time there was a pause—a glance at the bed—and then they conversed again. A little apart from the medical group, sat the sick nurse, covered with lace and ribbands, and drowsily examining the curiously fine linen belonging to the dying child, whose wardrobe she was prepared to prove should by right of custom be hers, as soon as the breath had left his body. Close to the bed stood the young heir's own attendant, a French lady, who had been induced by distress to accept the office of *bonne* to the sickly and wayward offspring of the house of Rothseaton. The quiet sorrow of many years of trial was written in her face. Her relations had been butchered in the streets of Paris, or murdered by the guillotine; her two children had died of the small pox, when the depth of her poverty disabled her from procuring them the commonest necessities of life; her husband had perished of a broken heart, without being able to bid her farewell. Sorrow has one thing in common with prosperity—it makes us selfish. The feelings which have been wrung intensely, remain numbed and incapable of deep sympathy in the afflictions of others. Standing as she did by the death-bed of her little charge, she could but grieve over him, for there are few hearts in which a child's faults will inspire dislike. She could not but remember the death-bed of her own little ones; and the tears stole down her wasted cheek as she watched; but the predominant feelings of her mind was a dread of the approaching desolation of her situation; a few hours more, and she would again be thrown upon the world, without a home—without friends; a lonely being, to struggle for her livelihood—to endure the taunts of some and the insulting compassion of others—and this thought was the bitterest in her heart.

Was there, then, no one amid the gilded pomps and crowded luxuries of this chamber of death, who cared for the individual being of the beautiful boy, whose numbered breathings still came shorter and shorter? Was the ambition of his father—the interest of the physicians—the mercenary calculation of the hired-watcher of his feverish nights—the half selfish regret of the widowed French woman—was this all that stood between his soul and heaven—all that rose from mortal hearts to implore God to spare the frail life that he had so lately given? Was there no wild prayer like that which David breathed in the agony of his soul, when the child of his sin was taken from him? Was there no *mother* in whose gentle heart all was nothing in comparison of his existence? There was.

Pale and exhausted—her dark and eager eyes clouded with watching—sat that young mother by the bed of her dying child.—Grandeur, and power, and wealth; the inheritance of titles—the possessor of riches; what were they then to her—to him; life *life* was all she desired—*his* life, which gold could not buy—which pride could not command—his life, and bread to give him, and her soul would be satisfied! She held his hand in her's, afraid to move—afraid to breathe; his languid head rested heavily upon her bosom; and cramped, chilled, and aching as she felt, she yet smiled bitterly when the sick nurse offered to relieve her of her burden. Relieve her! it might be the last time his head should ever rest on her breast—the last time his breath might be warm on her cheek; and as

the thought passed through her mind, the wan smile quivered off her lip, and a slight shudder told that she had checked the tears, which shed, might have broken his slumbers. Daylight faded away; the gleams of parting sunset ceased to shed a glory through the room; the rolling of carriages became less frequent, and the lamps shone through the foggy close of a London autumn evening; Lord Rothseaton approached the bed; his harsh though handsome features were dark with despair; he set his teeth and folded his arms as he gazed on his son's face, for death had thrown a deeper shadow there since last he looked on him. 'If you had taken more care of yourself, Lady Rothseaton,' murmured he with bitterness, 'before your infant was born, instead of romping like a child, he might not, have been dying now; it would have been better never to have had an heir, than to have watched this poor boy through years of ill health, and see him die at last.' He lifted his eyes as he spoke to the face of his young wife, as if he feared the impression of his own words. But she heard them not. Worn out with watching, she had yielded to a torpor between sleep and faintness; her pale cheek rested near that of her boy whom she still clasped to her bosom and her heavy half-closed eye still glistened with tears.

'Emily,' said Lord Rothseaton, in an altered tone, 'this has been too much for you—come away love, and rest.' She started wildly, and exclaimed, 'Is he dead? is he dead?' and then flinging herself into his arms, she wept long and bitterly. A low moan of suffering recalled her to herself. In vain the physicians advised, in vain her husband entreated. 'No,' said she, 'it will soon be over, and then—then indeed I may rest.' The day had faded; the night crept on, Lady Rothseaton rose and looked from the window on the dim trees in the square, and the lines of lamps which lit the silent city. The confused murmur of night fell upon her ear, and involuntarily she reflected how often in the heated assembly, in the crowded ball, she had sought a moment's coolness on the balcony, and never as now felt how many sighs of pain, how many drunken shouts, how many sounds of revelry, joy, sorrow, anguish and fear, had mingled in the confused murmur which is termed the *silence of night*. Awful silence! in which every human passion mingled without power to convey itself to the listening ear.

Suddenly the sound of music, distinctly audible, smote on her heart; they were giving a ball within three doors of Rothseaton's house! 'Alas! my dying boy!' said the mother, as she crept back to his bedside. The music continued, but it was faintly heard within the room; it would not disturb him—that was comfort. Through the long and weary watches of the night the well known airs haunted her; music and dancing within three doors of her, and she sat waiting for the last gasp of that failing breath.

The night passed away—the long, long endless night; day dawn came bright and blue through the window; the last carriage rolled from the door of the lighted house; the last guest departed. Lady Rothseaton still sat by that sick bed, listless and weary; she turned her eyes to the dawning light; it seemed to her then as if *one* day more were a boon—as if to watch another sunrise—another sunset—in an uncertainty which admitted of wild and unreasonable hope, were

something to be thankful for; she knelt and prayed he might not die *that* day.

The young heir awoke; he called feebly and mournfully for water; the cup of embossed gold was lifted to his parched lips, but in vain; the lips parted, and a wild and beautiful smile lit his brow; evidently there was a sudden cessation from pain. 'Mother, mother,' he whispered, 'I am well now.'—Lady Rothseaton bent over him, as he sank back, one shriek told that hope and fear were over!—Who cared—who knew when the young heir died? The evening of that dawning day, a large party were assembled at another house in the same square. 'The Rothseatons have lost their child,' said the lady of the house. 'Was he an only son?' said the guest. 'Yes.'—'Indeed!—pray who does the property go to?'

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

Spanish Literature.

PERHAPS there is no nation around which is clustered more of interest and delight than Spain. The very fact that mystery is thrown around it, that darkness in some measure envelopes it, only adds new and increasing interest. This brave and chivalrous people, whose pride and dignity have passed into a proverb, is reflected in its literature, in which we may delight to find all the distinctive traits which characterise the part the Spaniards have acted in Europe. Says a writer—The same nation which opposed so strong a barrier to the Saracen invaders, which maintained for five centuries, its civil and religious liberties, and which after it had lost the one and the other, under Charles V. and his successors, seemed desirous of burying both Europe and the new World under the ruins of its own constitution, has also displayed in its literature, the loftiness and grandeur of its character, and the power and richness of its imagination.

Poetry has ever been the favorite study of the Spanish nation, and the poetic fire in their bosoms burned bright and blazed high. The subjects which came under their notice were such, that they could not but fill the soul with the fire of song. Their own glorious achievements, the deeds of their Abderahmans and Almanzors, the gallant feats of their self-devoting chivalry, which had sprung up among them, could only be transmitted to us in the exaltation of song. Poetry was no rare accomplishment; even princes and ministers learned to touch the sacred Lyre—and thus we are told, many of those strains which were first sung upon the banks of the Garil and the Gaudilquiver, were repeated with admiration in the harems of Persia and Arabia.

Faith, may be said, to have the highest importance in poetry as well as religion. To feel deeply we must believe without examining. The most poetic ages are those in which is given the greatest credit to the

most incoherent fictions. In Spain, this was carried to perfection; all put implicit confidence in whatever was written. And thus it was why the Spanish poets had such an extensive influence. So attached were they to poetry, that while engaged in the most bloody wars, they pursued it to considerable extent. The heights of Parnassus was their home, and there they loved to dwell.

Although many writers had appeared in the first ages of Spain, it did not possess an established literature until the age of Charles V. At this time, it underwent an entire change, a change so great that it caused the other nations of Europe to pause and wonder. Her literature was now beginning to shine forth in all its lustre. It had long enough been groping in darkness, and suffering under imbecile weakness. It was now high time that she should take that stand which she could so deservedly hold. And for a long period she maintained the first rank among her rivals. During the reign of Charles, the inquisition, that infernal system, was established; and although it was surrounded with a blaze of glory, it was attended with the most destructive consequences to his own province. But while engaged in wars and political feuds, the progress of learning was by no means stayed. It requires the lapse of a long series of years, before the spirit of literature declines or becomes entirely extinct. When an impulse is once given to the mind, such is its constitution, that it requires a force almost super-human to check it. Such was the case in Spain. In the midst of the greatest trials and persecutions, we see that the intellect instead of retrograding, for a while, at least, advanced.

No nation in Europe has been so richly endowed as the Spanish—genius, imagination, depth of thought, and indeed every thing connected with intellect, have been lavished upon her. In this she surpassed all other nations of the East. But her religion has at almost all times been a serious check upon her brilliant qualities. This has bound her down, and rendered her far less powerful than she would otherwise have become. When she would come forth in all her glory and strength, the infernal inquisition would at once press her down; and thus has she been striving and groaning, until weary and disheartened she has given up the contest, and now contents herself to remain in sloth and inactivity.

Europe has now entirely forgotten the admiration with which she once regarded Spain. In the seventeenth century, the Spanish were regarded as the sole directors of the drama. They were regarded as a model of perfection. Now how changed the scene! nothing is said regarding Spain, only in terms of ridicule and reproach. Once

their drama was studied with enthusiasm, now it is passed by in silence. And that nation which in former ages shone forth as the sun, is not now even discerned by its twinkling. Or if seen, it is only for a moment, and then to sink into greater obscurity. But for all this the Spaniards have no one to blame but themselves. Having arisen, as they supposed to the very pinnacle of literary glory and renown—they made no more exertions; and the consequence was, that after remaining stationary for a while, they commenced a retrograde march, and soon sunk and dwindled into comparative insignificance. They cherished the idea that rapidity was the glory of composition—maintaining this idea they continued to decline, until they arrived to that state, where it was impossible to sink lower.

During the last part of the eighteenth century, a love of national literature began to be revived, a few daring spirits now arose, who undertook to breathe the spirit of their fathers unto their countrymen. But it was like breathing upon the bones of the dead. The hand of the oppressor had so long bound them in the chains of superstitious ignorance and servile bondage, that it required a voice louder than seven thunders to arouse them, and persuade them like men, to rise and break their galling fetters. That old heroic spirit which their fathers had, found not an asylum in their bosoms. Without any feelings of regret they bid adieu to their ancient honor and splendor, and were content to have it said that they merely had an existence.

I close with the words of another—'As for literature now in Spain it may not only be said to be dying, but actually dead. The illustrious writers in romance and in the drama, which arose there before freedom of thought and speech and publicity were lost with her other liberties, and ere the decline of industry and wealth had produced universal stagnation, are now extinct.'

U. D. V.

MISCELLANY.

Generosity of a Robber.

AFTER the defeat at Hedgley Moor, the Lancastrians concentrated their forces on the plain of Hexham Levels, and there waited the advance of the Yorkists, resolving to place on the issue of the expected contest their final overthrow or triumph. The result of this battle is well known: the army of Henry was completely routed, and even the high cap of state, with its two rich crowns, fell into the hands of the Duke of York, who shortly after ascended the throne of England by the title of Edward the Fourth. Henry fled from the field; and Margaret, his queen, with the young prince Edward, escaped into an adjoining forest. They had scarcely entered within its intricacies, when they were seized by a band of ruffians who had there located themselves. Regardless of her rank, sex, or situation, they stripped the queen of her jewels, and were proceeding to greater

indignities, when a quarrel arose between them as to the distribution of the spoil. Seizing this favorable opportunity for escape, the prince and his mother fled into the interior recesses of the forest. As the royal fugitives were pursuing their toilsome journey through the wilderness, a rustling of the trees forewarned them of approaching danger; but before they could reach concealment, a robber confronted them in their path.

'Ruffian,' exclaimed the queen, assuming the dignity and haughtiness of carriage familiar to her, 'thou hast tarried over long; thy comrades have been before thee, and despoiled us of our treasures.'

'Truly,' answered the robber, 'their chief will find but worthless prey in what they left you. You may pass; 'twere better that you take the right hand path, its windings lead to an opening of the forest.'

'Stay, man,' said Margaret, 'though a desperate outlaw, there yet may be some spark of pity in thee, some reverence for a kingly name.'

'Pity and reverence are terms alike unknown to me,' replied the man; 'and kingly power is but an idle sound to him who knows no sway—respects no laws.'

'Yet will I trust thee,' answered the queen, 'for fortune leaves us little choice of friends. Behold this boy—the son of Henry of Lancaster, your king.'

Whether surprise overpowered, or a latent nobleness of mind forbade him to insult fallen majesty, the robber chief uncovered his head, and proffered his assistance to the wanderers. 'What service,' said he, 'can I render to you and the prince your son?'

'Provide us a place of concealment,' eagerly rejoined the queen, 'and effect our escape beyond the reach of York.'

'Concealment,' said the robber, 'is not difficult; and what more I can do I will do; for the present, follow me to a cave hard by, where you may repose in safety, and wait a favorable opportunity of rejoining your friends.'

He led the way through an unfrequented path, and brought them to 'a wretched but secure asylum in the forest, which, in memory of the unfortunate queen, still retains the name of the 'Queen's Cave.'

THE EFFECTS OF WOMAN'S EYE UPON AN EXECUTIONER.—Anne Boleyn, being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at the execution could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes; but as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their mild and tender glances, and fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the Queen. He drew off his shoes and approached her silently: while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled to strike the fatal blow without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of Anne Boleyn.—*D'Israeli.*

DUNNING AND LORD MANSFIELD.—Dunning, whose debauched habits often made him late at court of a morning, on one occasion came shuffling into the King's Bench at half-past

nine.—Lord Mansfield was very vexed, 'Do you know what hour it is, Mr. Dunning?' Mr. D. pulling out his watch, 'Half-past nine, my lord.' 'I have been here an hour, Mr. Dunning.' 'Then, my lord, we have been equally irregular, you half an hour too soon, and I half an hour too late.' On another occasion Dunning had been strongly contesting a point of law, and urging Lord Mansfield to revise his opinion. 'Mr. Dunning, I apprehend I sit here by his Majesty's gracious permission, to decide what is the law; at this rate I had better go home and burn my books.' 'You had better go home and read them,' said Dunning, aside, and pretty loud.

A FALSE ALARM.—In a certain town lived a man somewhat intemperate, and a wag withal, known by the appellation of 'Old Sock.' Engaged one day in shingling the roof of a barn, which belonged to the parson of the parish, he accidentally slipped and fell to the earth, but received little or no injury from the fall. Next day the parson took occasion to lecture him; he spoke of his dissolute course of life, of his unfitness to die, and his narrow escape on the preceding day, and closed by saying, 'What did you think when you were falling?' Old Sock heard his ghostly lecture through, with all becoming gravity and attention, and then replied: 'Why, as to that, Parson P——, I can't say; for I hadn't much time to think at all. But I heard the old devil say to the young ones, "Take care of yourselves there, for Old Sock's coming."—*N. E. Family Visiter.*

The following specimen of eloquence was delivered by an Indian woman over the contiguous graves of her husband and infant: 'The Father of Life and Light has taken from me the apple of my eye, and the core of my heart, and hid them in these two graves. I will moisten the one with my tears, and the other with the milk of my breast, till I meet them again in that country where the sun never sets.'

A LADY applied to the late philanthropist of Bristol, Richard Reynolds, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said, 'When he is old enough I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' 'Stop,' said the good man, 'thou art mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain.'—*Gambier Obs.*

EXCELLENT CALCULATION.—A certain Bishop, who had ordered that no ecclesiastic in his diocese should hire a maid-servant under fifty years of age, was very indignant to find in the house of one of the reverend gentleman three very pretty young servant girls—'How is this, Sir?' exclaimed the Prelate, 'did I not expressly forbid—?' 'Yes, my Lord,' replied the delinquent, 'I was perfectly aware of your Lordship's commands, but as I did not find one single servant of fifty who at all suited, I thought, that the hiring those three young women, whose united age is precisely fifty, would do as well.'

A BULL.—An Irishman, who was brought up to the police the other day, on a charge of vagrancy, on being asked if he had eaten anything during the week, replied, that he 'hadn't tasted a bit of anything for three days, barring a little oyster soup made of clams.'

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1834.

HARVEST.—In the Spring of the present year, owing to the coldness of the weather, and the blighting frosts, it was generally supposed that our crops and fruit would be extremely light. So much so was this the case, that a considerable alarm was manifested by our yeomanry, and fears were entertained, that a general scarcity of the necessities of life would be felt. But let any one at the present time go forth into the country, and plenty and abundance greet him on either hand. It is said, and probably truly, that the harvest is more heavy than has been known for many years. Grass has also been uncommonly luxuriant, and between them both, the husbandman's barn will be overflowing with the rich bounties of Him, who is Lord of the seasons. Fruit, of all qualities, is unusually scarce—but what avails this, when the necessities of life are heaped in profusion upon us. Then let the sun burnt reaper, as his golden crop falls in ripened beauty before him, raise his joyful anthem to him, who lives afar in the heavens, and from his throne of light sends down the cooling showers to refresh the earth, or bland sunshine, which gradually brings her green fields to maturity.

CHOLERA.—There have been numerous reports of this epidemic being in New-York and other adjacent places, but when they were well sifted down, it was discovered they were without the least foundation. It is from fear, undoubtedly, that those false alarms arise—every sudden death is construed into cholera, when, in fact, there is not a single symptom of the disease. There is, also, a certain class of people who are very fond of the marvellous—who can only live in times of general excitement—and love to create a panic to gratify their own eccentric notions. It is by no means impossible that the cholera may again visit our vicinity this season, yet, at the same time, it is not very probable.

Since the above was in type, it is necessary to state that the real cholera has appeared in New-York, Albany, and probably in some of the intermediate towns along the river. By the New York Board of Health (which has been formed more to prevent exaggerated rumors, than as necessary to the safety of the city) the disease is not considered epidemic. What cases have appeared have been very scattering.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. A. F. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Marlborough, Ms. \$0.81; N. N. West Winfield, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. Keeseville, N. Y. \$0.81; G. W. J. Williamsport, Ia. \$0.87; A. F. B. Trenton, N. Y. \$0.87; P. M. Bolton, Vt. \$1.00; C. P. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; B. B. Perry, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Tonawanda, N. Y. \$1.00; F. W. W. Waterford, N. Y. \$2.00; A. W. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; E. E. Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. Waterford, N. Y. \$1.00; R. K. S. Aurora, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. West Rush, N. Y. \$1.62; L. P. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; H. G. Nantucket, Ms. \$1.00; S. L. S. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$0.50; P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; G. Y. West Dresden, N. Y. \$5.00.

SUMMARY.

Mr. Forrest, it is said, intends having a handsome monument erected over the tomb of the late Mr. Stone, author of *Metamora*, &c.

A vender of lottery tickets against the statutes of the state, has been sentenced to three months imprisonment in the common jail. The Mayor has signified his intention of rigorously enforcing the law against all offenders of the same class.—*Ere. Star.*

A subscription of one dollar each person is recommended in Boston for a monument to Lafayette, to be placed in the Mount Auburn cemetery—the cost to be \$2,400.

An Austrian sloop of war, with Polish passengers, sailed from Gibraltar on the 4th of June for New-York.

DIED.

In this city, on the 3d inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, aged 48 years.

In this city, on Sunday the 10th inst. Dr. John Talman, in the 73d year of his age.

At Coxsackie, on Tuesday evening, the 5th inst. Mr. David French, aged 54 years.

At Hillsdale, on the 19th ult., Sarah, youngest daughter of Nathaniel Rodman, aged 1 year.

On the 31st ult., Mary Truesdell, aged 48 years.

In New Lebanon, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Ellen Gilbert, wife of Elisha Gilbert, Esq. of a cancerous affection, aged 65 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Affection's Kiss.

EARTH has her *bliss*, though passing fleet—
The bliss of friends, the cordial greet
Of mutual souls, the lover's smile,
And plighted faith that knows no guile;
Such bliss to virtuous souls is given,
And seems an anti-taste of heaven:—
But more than all, far more the bliss
Imparted by AFFECTION'S KISS.

Earth has her *pleasures*; and they are
What romance feigns, and happier far—
When lover's meet, and even tears
Are big with joy, and earth appears
A haunt where gods might wish to stay,
And pass their endless years away:
And is there aught more dear than this
On earth? Oh yes, AFFECTION'S KISS.

Earth has her *sweets*; and honied joy
Is sipped sometimes without alloy—
Such as the ancient minstrel tells
Cheered nectared groves and fairy dells—
Where Nature dwells, or art delights
To please the nice-formed appetites;—
But there is something sweeter, 'tis
Affection's kiss—AFFECTION'S KISS.

Hillsdale, August, 1834.

INCOG & Co.

From the Hartford Pearl.

The Song the Crickets Sing.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I CANNOT to the city go,
Where all in sound and sight
Declares that nature does not know,
Or do a thing aright.
To granite wall, and tower, and dome
My heart could never cling.
Oh! no—I'd rather stay at home
And hear the crickets sing.

I'm certain I was never made
To run a city race,
Within a human palisade
That's ever changing place.
Their bustle, fashion, art and show,
Were each, a weary thing;
Amid them, I should sigh to go
And hear the crickets sing.

If there, I might no longer be
Myself, as now I seem,
But lose my own identity,
And walk as in a dream.
Or else, with din and crowd oppressed,
I'd wish the sparrow's wing,
To fly away, and be at rest,
And hear the crickets sing.

The fire-fly rising from the grass
Upon her wings of light,
I would not give for all the gas
That spoils their city sight!
Not all the pomp and etiquette
Of citizen or king,
Shall ever make my ear forget
The song the crickets sing.

I find, in hall and gallery,
Their imitations faint,
Compared to my live brook and tree,
Without a touch of paint.
And, from the brightest instrument
Of pipe, or key, or string,
I turn away, and feel content
To hear the crickets sing.

For, who could paint the beaming moon
That's smiling through the bough
Of yonder elm, or play the tune
The cricket's singing now?
Not all the silver of the mine,
Nor human power could bring
Another moon, like her to shine,
Or make a cricket sing.

I know, that when the crickets trill
Their plaintive strains by night,
They tell us, that from vale or hill,
The Summer takes her flight.
And, were there no renewing Power,
'Twould be a mournful thing,
To think of fading leaf and flower,
And hear the crickets sing.

But, why should change, with sadness, dim
The eye, when thought can range
Through other worlds, and fly to Him,
Who is without a change?
For, he who meted out the year,
Will give another Spring—
He moulds alike, the shining sphere,
And makes the crickets sing.

And when another Autumn strips
The summer leaves away,
Should silence sit upon the lips
That breathe and move to-day,
The time I've past with nature's God,
Will never prove a sting,
Though I've adored him from the sod
On which the crickets sing.

Napoleon.

THE following stanzas are a translation of part of a noble ode, written for the fifth of May, the anniversary of Napoleon's death, by Manzoni, the celebrated Italian poet and novelist.

THE stormy joy, the trembling hope,
That wait on mightiest enterprise;
The panting heart of one whose scope
Was empire, and who gained the prize,
And grasped a crown, of which it seemed
Scarce less than madness to have dreamed—
All these were his; glory that shone
The brighter for its perils past,
The rout, the victory, the throne,
The gloom of banishment at last—
Twice in the very dust abased,
And twice on fortune's altar raised.

His name was heard; and mute with fear
Two warring centuries stood by,
Submissive, from his mouth to hear
The sentence of their destiny;
While he bade silence be, and sate
Between them, arbiter of fate.

He passed, and on this barren rock
Inactive closed his proud career,
A mark for envy's rudest shock,
For pity's warmest, purest tear,
For hatred's unextinguished fire,
And love that lives when all expire.

As on the drowning seaman's head
The wave comes thundering from on high,
The wave to which, afar displayed,
The wretch had turned his straining eye,
And gazed along the gloomy main
For some fair sail, but gazed in vain;
So on his soul came back the wave
Of melancholy memory.
How oft hath he essayed to grave
His image for posterity,
Till o'er th' eternal chronicle
The weary hand desponding fell.

How oft, what time the listless day
Hath died, and in the lonely flood
The Indian sun hath quenched his ray,
With folded arms the hero stood;
While dreams of days no more to be,
Throng back into his memory.

He sees his moving tents again,
The leaguered walls around him lie,
The squadrons gleaming o'er the plain,
The ocean wave of cavalry,
The rapid order promptly made,
And with the speed of thought obeyed.

Alas! beneath its punishment
Perchance the wearied soul had drooped
Despairing; but a spirit, sent
From heaven to raise the wretched, stooped
And bore him where diviner air
Breathes balm and comfort to despair

The Sleeping Child.

A brook went dancing on its way,
From bank to valley leaping;
And by its sunny margin lay
A lovely infant sleeping.
The murmur of the purling stream
Broke not the spell which bound him,
Like music breathing, in his dream,
A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view,
Within this world of sorrow,
One spot which still retains the hue
That earth from heaven may borrow;
And such was this—a scene so fair
Arrayed in summer brightness,
And one pure being resting there
One soul of radiant whiteness!

What happy dreams, fair child, are given
To cast their sunshine o'er thee?
What cord unites thy soul to Heaven,
Where visions glide before thee?
For wandering smiles of cloudless mirth
O'er thy glad features beaming,
Say, not a thought—a form of earth
Alloys thine hour of dreaming!

Mayhap, afar on unseen wings,
Thy sinless spirit soaring,
Now hears the burst from golden strings,
Where angels are adoring.
And, with the pure heliacal throng,
Around their Maker praising,
Thy joyous heart may join the song
Ten thousand tongues are raising!

Sleep, lovely babe!—for time's cold touch
Shall make these visions wither;
Youth—and the dreams which charm so much,
Shall fade and fly together.
Then sleep!—while sleep is pure and mild,
Ere earthly ties grow stronger,
When thou shalt be no more a child,
And dream of Heaven no longer.

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